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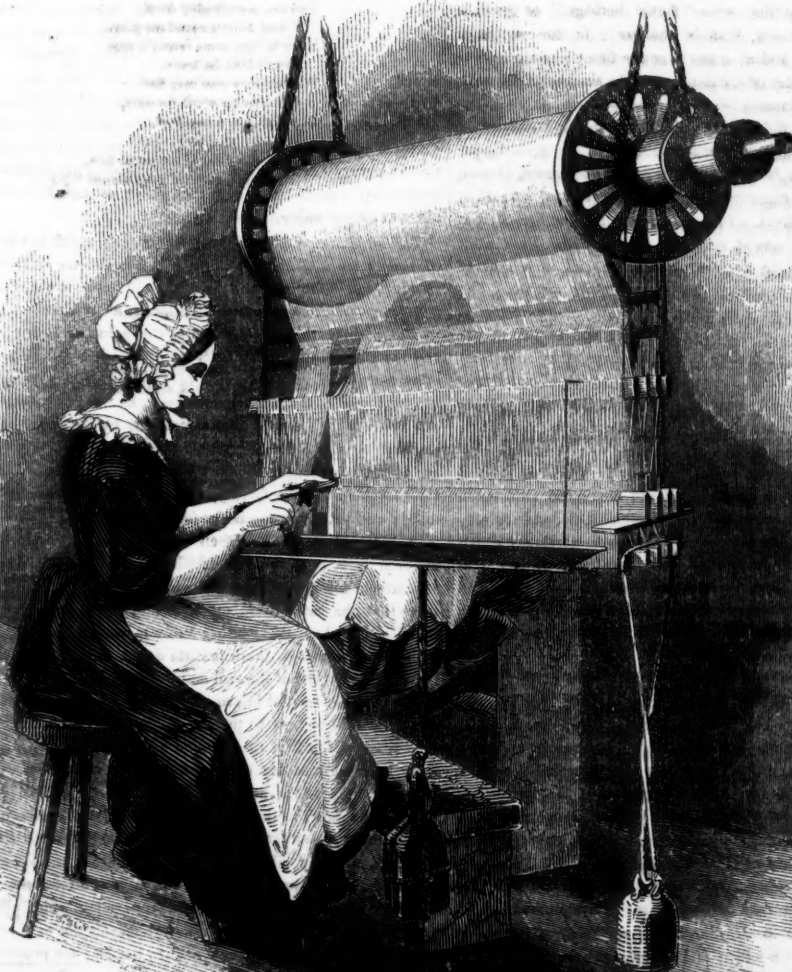
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[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE COTTON MANUFACTURE.



FACTORY GIRLS PREPARING THE WARP FOR THE WEAVER.

"DRAWING IN."

BRADBURY AND EVANS.]

[PRINTERS, WHITECHAPEL.

THE COTTON MANUFACTURE.

NO. I.

THE engraving on the previous page represents a Factory Girl and her assistant in the act of preparing the warp for the weaver, after it has been dressed or stiffened with paste; a necessary operation, to give it sufficient strength, and prevent the threads from fraying in the loom. She is dividing the alternate threads, and fixing them in separate sets, for the passage of the shuttle in weaving; an operation in which the fingers quickly become so expert, as to require but little direction from the eye. We cannot better describe the nature of the occupation of the factory girls, and its results, than in the words of the artist who designed the drawing, and who, in the course of a professional tour through the cotton districts, did not confine his observations to the machinery he delineated:—

"The case of these industrious creatures," says he, referring to the factory-girls, "has been much exaggerated. They earn good wages, in some cases 15s. per week; are, in all classes, dressed cleanly, and in every respect well; and have great attention paid to their health and comforts. It is not, however, to be denied that there are only alleviations of real and abiding evil. They work fourteen hours a day in a close atmosphere, and in a roar of machinery which to a strange ear is absolutely terrific. The wonderful division of labour on which the whole factory-system is built reduces their employment to *one thing*; and at this perpetual isolation (mending a broken thread, perhaps) they stick from one year's end to another. No variety—no growth of experience—no hope of advance—all perpetually the same. The effect of these deteriorating influences are seen in their sallow skins, short legs, diminutive stature, and ill-formed, half-developed features; for, though pretty girls are not scarce, they are far from being common. They nevertheless seem happy and contented, sing much and frequently at their work, in chorus, laugh loudly, and are very obliging to strangers and to each other. Their morals are considered to be good—improprieties and drunkenness, bad language, or disorderly conduct, almost unknown. This, I am glad to find, is clearly to be traced to the influence of Bible principles. There are now 10,000 children under instruction in the Sabbath schools of Stockport alone."

We must find room for our artist's visit to one of these establishments, "the Stockport Sunday School:"—"This magnificent institution," says he, "contains, girls, 2,089; boys, 1,922 = 4,011. This building is divided into fifty class-rooms, a library, committee-rooms, &c., and an immense hall, in which the whole of the children assemble for prayer and praise, at the commencement and termination of their duties. I heard them sing their morning hymn, to the music of a powerful organ, and was much affected by their orderly conduct and apparent zeal. They were all gaily and well dressed. This great school-house has been erected by the penny a-week subscriptions of the children."

This is an impartial description of the condition of the operatives in the large cotton-mills; and monotonous though it be, we doubt whether the ancient system of spinning and weaving at home were preferable on that score; and as regards the health, there can be no doubt that it is better secured by working in large and lofty rooms of an equable temperature and free from drafts, than in small confined apartments, ill-lighted, ventilated, and warmed; and the regularity of wages and employment give the factory operative a vast advantage over his predecessor, whose job-work was dependent on many contingencies. The necessity of keeping order among the multitude dependent on each large mill, out of working-hours as well as in them, has taught the mill-owners

the expediency of giving close attention to the comfort and morality of their work-people, who form in themselves a little world. Did no better consideration urge them; their own interest is so involved in this, that a provision for the well-being, both corporeal and mental, of those they employ, has become as much a matter of ordinary attention as any other regulation for the conduct of the work. The manner of effecting this most important object depends so much upon the personal character of the mill-owners, that it is of course various; few have done as much as the family of Strutt [see No. 87], and fewer still have pursued so systematic a plan in ameliorating the condition of their work-people as Messrs. Greg, to whom we alluded in the same paper*; but with all it is made an object to which their attention is forcibly attracted; and although the toil of a factory operative be of a nature to deaden the intellectual faculties, and not the most favourable for the development of the corporeal functions, it does not appear worse in those respects than many other species of occupation to which men are subjected; and their peculiar position in society rendering a sort of moral discipline necessary when work is over, gives them advantages of a nature which others do not and cannot enjoy.

These remarks apply to those factories in which the best sorts of machinery are used; but there is one species of factory still existing, combining all the evils of the old home-working and the factory system, and possessing the merits of neither. We allude to those where the old machinery, the spinning Jenny for *welt*, and the Billy (a species of mule, whose dreaded roller has been so often mentioned in descriptions of factory cruelties), are still in use, and where the subordinates are, as in the home-system, mostly employed, not by the master, but by the men. Here all are working at a disadvantage. The men, chiefly old hands, who are inveterate enemies to the "iron man," earn less wages than their rivals of the new factory, and grind their dependents accordingly; and yet, so strong is the force of prejudice, that these very men, with all this before their eyes, are found to forbid their children from seeking work elsewhere, and strive to keep them still attached to "the good old plan." It was in such places as these that the cases of infant suffering, which were so much insisted upon when the Factory Bill was passed, must have been looked for; although there is little doubt that enthusiasm led to much exaggeration of the real state of the case.

The means of mental improvement now so generally afforded by the great mill-owners to their operatives—the invitations to improvement which they receive, and which operate powerfully on a body in some measure separated from all other classes around them—must produce a good effect upon the operatives of the present day; and, in the words of Mr. Grey, "If the tone of their character be somewhat elevated, this good will descend upon their children, and they will be anxious to cultivate in them those qualities which they themselves had found to win esteem and love;" and thus we may hope to see the factory system, which has poured such a mass of riches into the country, become not only an instrument for increasing England's wealth, but also for promoting the true happiness of her children; not a source of misery and oppression, but rather of comfort and happiness.

We shall now endeavour to trace the progress of the Cotton Manufacture, from the earliest records of its existence to the present times; from the hand-wheel spinners and *tanty* weavers of Hindostan, to the self-acting mule and power-loom of the English factory.

* We had intended to have noticed the plan pursued by these gentlemen at some length, but our limits will not allow us to go into detail upon this very interesting topic.

The sapient custom-house officer, who averred that to his knowledge no cotton could be grown in America, (see No. 87,) had probably never heard of the conquest of Mexico, or he might have remembered that the Spaniards found the inhabitants clothed in various kinds of manufactured cotton, many of extraordinary beauty and of excellent fabric. It would have been a richer boon to their country had the Spaniards freighted their vessels with bales of cotton, and a few native workmen to revive the forgotten art at home, instead of bringing back ingots of gold—faithless treasures, which served only to paralyse industry, and thus impoverished the country they seemed to enrich.

Some of our readers may perhaps be surprised at our terming the cotton manufacture a forgotten art in Spain, and may not unnaturally feel astonished that a production so extensively useful as cotton should ever be neglected when once known. Yet the cotton plant grows freely in Spain, where it was probably introduced by the Arabs, who cultivated it extensively, and manufactured large quantities; but on their expulsion, this manufacture and many others introduced by them were totally neglected; and although the cotton plant still grows wild throughout the southern parts of the country, no attempt is made to cultivate or use it in any shape, except by the birds, who, more provident than human kind, line their nests with the wool that was meant for the use of man.

A curious Arabian book is still extant, containing an account of the management of the cotton plant, which appears to have been introduced by the Arabs all along the shores of the Mediterranean. It is still cultivated in the Neapolitan states, where a handicraft cotton manufacture has been long carried on. There are several cotton mills in different parts of Calabria, where the cotton employed is principally grown in the adjoining fields, and costs about 6d. or 7d. a pound. The land on which it grows is let at the very high rent of 2l. 10s. an acre. "Under a liberal government," says Dr. Ure, "Naples, with its waterfalls and cheap labour, might soon become an important manufacturing country." Perhaps for a "liberal," we should read a "vigorous" government; but it will always be difficult to persuade a people who can subsist without hard labour to undertake it willingly, especially in such a climate as that of Naples. Their habits, like those of the Hindoos, are opposed to any long continuance of toil, and the introduction of the "factory system" is as impracticable there as in India, where the attempt has been made.

From a remote era, ladies of condition in the Neapolitan territory occupied themselves in spinning cotton and knitting the yarn into stockings—articles of dress which were greatly admired, and fetched the prodigious price of a guinea the pair. The muslin of the same region was likewise in vogue till towards the conclusion of the last century, when it came to be superseded by the large importations from India and the superior fabrics of England. In that part of Italy the soil is said to be so favourable to the culture of cotton, that an English acre will produce, in good seasons, ten cwt. of seed cotton, which will yield two cwt. of cotton wool. A considerable quantity of this product was at one period exported in a raw state.*

The cotton plant, although indigenous in Upper Egypt, does not appear to have been known, or at least made use of, by the ancient inhabitants. No traces of it are to be found in the wrappings and bandages surrounding their mummies, nor is the plant or the manufacture found represented in any of their paintings, although flax growing and in process of manufacture is accurately figured in those discovered at Thebes. The Jews appear to have had no knowledge of cotton; and although they learned the use of

linen from the Egyptians, they do not appear to have been successful in cultivating it, since we find Solomon importing linen yarn from Egypt.

The Greeks and Romans, careless of, and even discouraging commerce, remained long ignorant of the cotton manufacture. It is first mentioned by Herodotus, about four centuries before Augustus. He gives a pretty accurate description of the plant, but we do not find that cotton cloth was introduced till long after into Europe. Pliny, writing about a century after Christ, mentions cotton as growing in Upper Egypt, which was manufactured into robes "which the priests delighted to wear," which is the first instance we meet with of its introduction into the more civilised portions of the world. In the later periods of the empire, when all the luxuries of the East were eagerly sought after at Rome, we discover the fine muslins of Dacca in the *serice veses*, the semitransparent garments with which the Roman ladies veiled their charms.

The slow introduction of cotton into Europe appears the more extraordinary, since it is indigenous in Africa, and its manufacture has been known to the aborigines apparently for a great length of time. Odoardo Barbosa of Lisbon, who made a voyage to Southern Africa in 1516, found cotton cloth among the Caffres; and modern travellers have found it worn by the inhabitants of the interior of every class and of every region. It seems difficult to believe that the Carthaginians, who possessed a very extensive territory, and traded with the inhabitants of the interior, did not make use of it—which might indeed have been the case, since with their city, their arts, their manufactures, and all their books and records, perished. Were we indulging in conjectural history—an agreeable amusement, almost as fascinating as building castles in the air—we should be inclined to attribute the introduction of the cotton plant in Spain to the Carthaginians rather than to the Moors; but it is universally attributed to the latter, who brought it with them and planted it in the Levant, where it has ever since continued to flourish, in Sicily, Naples, Spain, and many other parts of the Mediterranean shores.

Cotton was not introduced into China until the seventh century, and was long grown only in gardens for the sake of its flowers alone. It was not till the eleventh century that its manufacture was introduced by the dynasty of Mongul Tartars called Yuen, who conquered China about the year 1280, and brought the cotton tree with them; but the manufacture made little progress until it was fostered by the succeeding dynasty, that of Ming, eighty-eight years afterwards. Cotton then became the universal dress of all but the grandees of the nation, and has since continued to be so. A peculiar species of a shrubby growth (*Gossypium religiosum*), produces a coloured cotton, from which the stuff called nankeen is woven, and is much cultivated in China.

In consequence of a dearth of provisions in China about sixty years ago, an imperial mandate was issued to convert to the cultivation of corn a considerable portion of land then appropriated to the cotton plant, since which time the Chinese have been accustomed to import large quantities of cotton wool.

The importations of fine cotton goods by the Portuguese from India excited attention, and efforts were made to revive the manufacture in Europe; but cotton was very slowly brought into use, and as long as the Levant trade was monopolised by the Genoese, and afterwards by the merchants of Antwerp, very little was imported, and that chiefly in the form of candle-wicks ready twisted, an article which forms a principal item in the Levant cotton trade to this day. But after the sack of that city in 1587, when the trade was opened to the English, the importation of cotton wool increased, and great advances appear to have been made in its manufacture.

* Travels of Charles Olysses in 1767, published in London 1798.

TALES OF THE AFFECTIONS.

IMPRUDENCE IN LOVE—A TALE OF CAUTION.

NO. II.

Should any of our readers have felt the slightest interest in the first portion of this story (No. 87), they will remember that we left a young lady in a somewhat awkward manner. Her lover—such he had become during two short conversations—had been rudely assailed at a most interesting moment; and though the youth, on learning, from her sudden exclamation, that it was her father who had struck him, had retreated, not only without uttering a word, but with apparent respectful deference, the choleric old man still stood, his eyes in a blaze of fury, and straining after the retreating figure. In fact, the cool and gentlemanly manner of the youth served, by contrast, to provoke him more effectually. While her father was thus occupied, his passion choking his utterance, and rivetting him to the spot, Miss Legge recovered from the confusion which the incident had produced, and walked, with an air of offended dignity, into the house.

The old man followed her, and found her sitting in the cottage-parlour, with bonnet, shawl, and gloves still unremoved. Her father took a chair near the door, as if to prevent any attempt at an escape, and gazed steadily at her. She neither looked at him nor from him, but seemed to be intently inspecting a particular portion of the wall.

"Pray, Miss Legge," said her father, in a tone of subdued satirical civility, quite sufficient of itself to provoke, "may I take the liberty of asking if you see anything very particular on that wall?"

No answer.

"I suppose, madam, your father is not deemed worthy of a reply."

"The father pays very little respect to his daughter's feelings."

This was uttered in that equivocal, quivering tone, which indicates that the speaker is ready either to swell into passion or burst into tears.

"Indeed, madam! Pray, may I ask if you have been long acquainted with that young spark, with whom you seem to be on such gracious terms?"

No answer.

"I insist on a reply, and as your father and guardian, whose whole life has been devoted to watching over you, think that I might have had some small portion of your confidence."

Still no answer; but the countenance of the young lady showed that she was about to fall into an hysterical fit of sobs and tears.

Had the father been a man of ordinary parental sympathy and tact, he might at this moment have made his daughter one of the most dutiful of children. The suddenness of her acquaintance with this youth was a matter which her understanding was in the act of condemning, and she therefore would have been quite ready to listen to mild and gentle expostulation, and to submit to the injunctions of a parent, delivered in a kind and generous manner. But Mr. Legge, as we have intimated in the former part of the story, was a cold, selfish, vain man, with a hasty temper—a bad combination,—who thought of his daughter, not for her sake, but for his own; and he felt the greatest horror of such a scene as a woman in tears. So, when he saw Miss Legge about to get into the "melting mood," instead of thinking that now was his time to reach her sense of duty through the medium of a somewhat subdued spirit, he rather thought that he had triumphed, and that all he had to do was to utter a few stern commands, and

completely awe her into submission. He forgot, or did not know, that his own self-will might be inherited by his daughter.

"No tears, madam," said he, sternly: "I hate nonsense of that description. If you really feel that you have acted wrongly, you will at once inform me who this individual is, and how you became acquainted with him."

The stern tone of this speech, more than its expression, roused Miss Legge, and she said, somewhat firmly, "I am not aware, sir, that I have acted so very wrongly, and—"

"You are not aware!" burst from the old man, as he sprang to his feet: "you are not aware! It is enough, madam, that I tell you that your conduct has been exceedingly improper. I am astonished that you should so easily forget what is due to yourself and to me!"

"Sir," said the daughter, also rising, "I have ever paid you the respect I owe you, as my parent; but I am not so sure that you have always consulted my feelings and happiness."

"Hoh!" exclaimed the old man, followed by something like an attempt to whistle. He stepped up to her, and looked her full in the face; and then, in his harshest, bitterest tone, accompanied by significant nods, he said, "For you, madam, have I retired from active life into this miserable solitude—for you I have spent the best years of my life—I have been your parent, your guardian, and your instructor—and this is my reward, you ungrateful creature!"

The father had now roused some of his own spirit in the breast of his daughter, and she tauntingly replied, "Oh, father, I did not know you were expecting a reward; I thought the pleasure of the duty was compensation enough."

This made him absolutely wild. He had never before seen insubordination in his daughter, for she had always feared her father: but now the family-spirit, latent in the young lady, showed itself very decidedly.

Miss Legge walked towards the door, but her father, taking her by the hand, said, in his bitterly civil style, "Pray, be seated, madam; I have a word or two to say to you—pray be seated." Then, as she seemed to hesitate, he stamped violently, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "I command you!"

One of the servants, fancying she had been called, and fearful that her master or mistress was ill, suddenly opened the door. Mr. Legge, furious at the interruption, sprang at her, with the evident intention of making his open palm slap her head. This she avoided by suddenly closing the door, but Mr. Legge's hand was jammed; and so ridiculous were his contortions as he withdrew it, that his daughter, instead of feeling any sympathy, absolutely tittered aloud.

This terminated the scene. The old man threw himself in an arm-chair, and covered his face with his handkerchief; and Miss daughter retired to her room.

During the night father and daughter had each something to speculate on, and therefore sleep did not visit either till towards morning. Mr. Legge was wounded in heart and in head. His temper had exposed him to loss of dignity, and this touched his vanity. His daughter had shown symptoms of having a will of her own, and this threatened his ambitious projects; for, as already intimated, he had reserved to himself the disposal of his daughter's affections and hand, never dreaming that she might be disposed to act in that matter on her own account. As for the daughter, her thoughts wandered between her father and the youth who had created all this disturbance: her father appeared a harsh tyrant, and the youth more graceful and handsome than ever. In the morning, the father rose, determined to enforce, by the extremest

measures, obedience to his will: and the daughter also rose, rejoicing in her newly-developed spirit of rebellion, and determined to show her father that she had a will of her own.

Thus prepared, both sat down to the breakfast-table in silence. To the astonishment of the father, however, the daughter, when breakfast was over, said to him, in a very cool and business-like manner, that she was now prepared to give him the information he desired on the previous evening. He drily said that he was ready to receive it; and she then gave him an account of the origin of her acquaintance with the youth, and concluded by stating that she was persuaded he was of good family, as her father would shortly have proof. "And now, father," she added, in a soothing tone, "I think you owe him an apology for the rude manner in which you treated him last night."

The old lawyer, and would-be statesman, was taken quite by surprise, so cool and business-like was his daughter's manner. He kept his countenance, and said, "Pray, tell me—do you mean to say that you are, what is called, in love with this young man?" [Be it observed, the old man had never been in love in his life; though very choleric, he was too vain and selfish for that.]

The question, of course, raised a blush; but being not unprepared for it, she replied, though not in the cool and business-like style she had at first assumed, "I mean to say, father, that I feel as if I had an affection for him, and I am sure he has for me."

"Humph! very decent and respectable, upon my word! This is, I suppose, what is called love at first sight. I do believe that all women are fools—they seem to me to have neither reason, understanding, nor common sense, but would fling away character, reputation, and wealth, for some visionary idea they call love. Now, mark me—I will not permit this folly to proceed one step farther. I absolutely prohibit you from holding any further communication with this youth, who may be a swindler, for anything I know to the contrary. On this point my mind is absolutely and irrevocably made up, and I will take care that I am obeyed!"

So saying, he left the room. "Hah!" muttered his daughter, as he shut the door, "I am not so sure about that!"

At this moment, the servant who had so unluckily terminated the dispute of the previous evening, stole in with the stealthy manner of a cat, when on an exploring excursion, and, with a smile, slipped a note into Miss Legge's hand. It was, of course, from the youth, inquiring after her health, putting a favourable construction on the motives which induced her father to assault him, and concluding with an expression of an ardent desire to see her once more before he proceeded to London. On inquiry, she found that he was in the neighbourhood of the house, and instructed the girl to introduce him by a garden-gate, into a little summer-house which adjoined it; then, learning that her father was in his dressing-room, she flew to the spot, where we leave them.

The servant who had been the youth's agent displayed her fee to her fellow-servant in the kitchen; but, after tempting her with the sight of it, refused to share it with her. The other presently thought she might make as much by "peaching," and marking where the lovers were concealed, stole up to the father. He pushed her out of his way, ran down stairs, seized a thick oaken stick, and dashed into the garden. He made noise enough to warn the lovers of his approach, but he came on too rapidly to allow the youth to retreat. When he arrived at the summer-house, they were both standing to receive him, and the youth, with his blindest and most gracious manner, raised his hat, and bowed.

"What are you doing on my premises, sir?—who are you, sir?—what do you want?" were questions rapidly uttered.

"I came here, sir," replied the youth, "by the permission of Miss Legge."

"It is false, sir, it is false!" roared out the old man, in reply; and the youth, seeing it hopeless to argue, attempted to pass him, by gently pushing him aside. The old man stepped back, and twirled his oak stick rapidly. Miss Legge, fearful that her lover was once more about to be assaulted, sprang forward, and received a severe blow on the temple from the massive weapon. She fell senseless on the ground; and while the cries of the father for assistance rang through the garden, the youth judged it prudent to disappear.

The servants, who were already watching the scene, quickly obeyed Mr. Legge's summons; and the young lady was conveyed into the house. The wound, though severe, was not serious; but the excitement of the affair threw her into violent hysterics, which lasted the greater part of the day.

RAMBLING NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less; but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."—BYRON.

LET a man but step out of the ordinary track, though it be never so much crowded or worn, and his deviation is sure to be hailed with a shout of wonder or ridicule. The multitude cannot conceive why any one should cease to do as they do, and the greater the distance at which he leaves them behind, the more is he accounted a madman or a fool. Such, I know, is the case with regard to natural history—it being a thing that does not *pay*; and the study of science for its own sake is utterly beyond the general comprehension. For my own part, there was nothing in the circumstances in which I was placed when my attention was first directed to natural history, to favour me, except being constantly in the country; and having no one to associate with in the pursuit, I was naturally obliged to be much alone. This afforded an excellent opportunity for telling me that I was selfish and unsocial—those who said so not considering that company is not of necessity society, and that one may be in the midst of an assembly and never be more alone. It mattered not: I persevered, amid the pity of some and the sneers of others, and though I have no particularly splendid result to show, I have no cause to regret the hours I "threw away." And, as far as I can judge, I am not incapable of enjoying any pleasure that they have, as far as such things can be enjoyed; while I have open to me an infinite store of gratification and instruction that they cannot dream of. So much for opposition. Let not him that wishes to excel, or even to gain a respectable knowledge of any science, think that he will do so without difficulty; I mean not from the subject itself, but from circumstances usually considered as extrinsic. Heed them not; and if animated with a love of truth, and a determination to obtain it, you will be rewarded by what will amply recompense you for all you may have endured.

As a specimen of the general feeling that exists about natural

history and its students, I give the following extract from a small work lately published by Mr. Newman. He was on a collecting tour in Ireland, and having hurt his leg by a fall at the commencement of his journey, the wound gradually got worse, and he was at length obliged to rest. He says, "When I got up the next morning, I was located at a fashionable bathing-place. I found it extremely difficult to make the Irish believe that I was such a fool as to wander over their island in search of plants or insects, or to see the country. At Kilkee, the folks were of a very respectable class, and evidently felt hurt at my explanations. They thought I was 'smoking' them; so I pleaded my leg as an excuse for coming to Kilkee, and this seemed perfectly rational; and when I left the place about thirty-six hours after my arrival, they kindly hoped I had 'found the benefit!'"

It was a fine morning in June when I left London, per railway, for Southampton. I stopped at Woking, and visited the nursery of Mr. Waterer, at Knapp Hill, about three miles distant, on purpose to see his collection of American plants. From the suitable nature of the soil, they grow with the greatest luxuriance, and acres of them expand their splendid blossoms at once, producing an unequalled scene of beauty. I considered myself well repaid for the delay. On Woking Common I found *Cicindela sylvatica* in plenty, and its beautiful relation *campestris*. From Southampton, a steamboat took me to Cowes, a sweetly-situated place; whence I took the road straight across the island to Ryde, its capital. On my way I passed Albany Barracks, then empty; and the grass growing in the enclosure was advertised for sale. A good sign this, I thought; I wished every barracks were as little occupied. Passing on through Ryde, in a direct line, I reached the sea at Lake, a small village on the coast; having travelled through the most picturesque country I ever saw—the views changing at almost every step. I was particularly struck with the luxuriance of the roses, which are mostly Chinese, and grow about the cottages. There was scarcely one without them; and the houses were worthy of their ornaments, being of a much better description than those of the poor generally. The inhabitants also appeared more respectable than people of their class generally are. The hedges were full of flowers, and produced me several blossom-feeding insects.

Leaving Lake, I passed on to Shanklin, most delightfully situated, and evidently a favourite resort. Above this the ground rises considerably, and at the highest point affords a very fine view, looking towards Shanklin; while on the right the ocean rolls in all its magnificence, sending up its never-ceasing roar as it chafes upon the beach.

I well remember the first time I saw the sea. I had imagined what it might be, but never had such a sense of vastness as was then excited, or felt how little was man and his works. And yet one human soul is worth more than all the immensity of creation. Still

"I have loved thee, Ocean!

Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.

Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—

Such as creation's dawn beheld thou rollest now."

I went on through Bonchurch to Ventnor, a new and prosperous place, and as beautifully situated as could be wished. Thence I passed on to the church of St. Lawrence, the smallest in England—not so large as a cottage, with its churchyard of corresponding size. Keeping along the cliff, I came to Blackgang Chine, a dark, bold rock on the shore, which has obtained an unenviable celebrity as the scene of several shipwrecks; at one of which, that of the

"Clarendon," a West-Indiaman, the whole of those on board, with three exceptions, perished. They lie together in the churchyard of Chale.

I hoped to find here *Cicindela germanica*, this being one of its localities; but though I hunted the ground well, I was disappointed. About a mile further on, however, I took the uncommon *Melita cinzia*. The ground was covered with thrift, brightening the turf with its pink blossoms, and intermixed with *Lofus corniculatus* and other plants. I kept close to the cliff, having long left the road, until I reached Freshwater Gate. The sun was then setting, on as fine an evening as June ever saw, and larks were singing their farewell to the luminary as he sunk in the west, rising higher and higher to catch the last glimpse of his glory; while the sea-birds harshly screamed as they sought their resting-places in the cliff.

Here is a station of the preventive service, and one of the men told me, that, steep as the cliffs are, the smugglers come up them with casks slung over their shoulders, by little paths cut diagonally on the face of the rock, and so narrow, that there is scarcely room to put one foot before the other. Of the danger of such a feat some idea may be formed by the fact, that sheep accustomed to go up and down often fall and perish. Yet the temptation to this illicit traffic was so great, that I was told there was scarcely an inhabitant of the neighbourhood that had not at some time a connexion with it, more or less.

At the extreme end of the land are the Needles—strangely-shaped rocks so called; and on one side is Alum Bay, with its many-coloured sands, extensively used in the manufacture of glass. Near the Beacon I found several *Coleoptera* under stones, and some *Lepidoptera*. This is the highest ground in the island, and commands a view of great part of it, and of the Channel up to Cowes; while on the other side the New Forest occupies the whole extent of vision. This was my destination; and so, after satisfying myself with the goodly prospect, I coasted along until I reached Yarmouth, whence I crossed to Lymington.

TRIP TO THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

NO. II.

We landed in Russia on the 27th of May. At that time the face of the country was entirely bare; not a bud was to be seen; and yet, in three short weeks, the verdure and blossoming were universal—so rapid, not to say sudden, is the progress of vegetation in northern climates! What the poet wrote, so like a fable, of ancient Sarmatia, we found realised. Even as he describes, such we saw it with our own eyes:—

"A sullen land of lakes, and fens immense,
Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
And cruel deserts black with sounding pine;
Where nature frowns: though sometimes into smiles
She softens: and immediate, at the touch
Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
Luxuriant pasture, and a waste of flowers."

One inconvenience attending this "sudden spring" was calling into activity our old "friends after an ill fashion," the mosquitoes, which used to try our patience sorely in transatlantic regions, and which we little expected to meet again so far north. But this results from Peter having chosen to squat his new capital among the swamps between the Neva and the Ladoga, that second "lake of the Dismal Swamp," which, by-the-by, is larger than the American *loch* of that name (being the greatest in Europe), and as we understood, for we did not visit it, just about as interesting.

We, who see so little of soldiering at home, were surprised at the numbers of the garrison at St. Petersburg, which during our stay

amounted to nigh 120,000, in a resident population of may-be barely 200,000. Its ordinary average number is about a sixth less. A funeral of one of their generals took place during our stay, at which time there was a turn-out of 7,500, of all descriptions of force; amongst others, some Circassian cavalry, pressed into the service of the autocrat. These were by far the finest men we saw, and most admirable masters of the art (in them almost an instinct) of equitation they are, and seem to realise in their graceful evolutions, the fabulous Centaur, or horse and man run into one. As for the Russian forces in general, their martial aspect is very indifferent. The treatment they receive is anything but encouraging, being fed entirely on most villainous-looking black bread and salt, without any meat-rations whatever. Their pay is so infinitesimally small, as to be about equal to nothing. The sum of eighteen shillings sterling a year is indeed allowed; but the greater part of this is expended by them on flints, soap, pipeclay, blacking, brushes, &c. The depredations likely to be committed by such ill-fed men, upon an invasion, may be easily imagined. No wonder is it that the Poles they have constrained, not engaged, to serve under their banners, desert on every occasion. During the late inglorious campaigns against the Circassians, this had taken place to a great extent, notwithstanding that those to whom they went over were Mussulman enemies, among whom they ran the risk of being held as slaves: but any slavery is better than the Russian, despite their Christianity, which indeed, in its general operation, is only a degrading superstition.

If Russia succeed in subjugating the Circassians as completely as she has done the Poles, and have policy enough to conciliate them to her ways, she will hold in her right and left hands two leashes of the most noble "dogs of war" in the world, and thus become doubly powerful and dangerous to rival nations. Though widely separated, geographically speaking, yet are the people of Poland and Circassia the most nearly allied of all the moderns in a generous and daring martial spirit, which belongs more to the self-forgetting chivalry of bygone times than ours.

But will Russia ultimately forward her own interests by pursuing a liberal line of policy towards denationalised Poland? We doubt it much; and perhaps it would be as well for the neighbouring powers that she should not. The harshness she has hitherto exercised towards some of its generously enthusiastic, though misguided, people, does her no credit: she holds that gallant race with "the iron hand," not "gloved in velvet." Nevertheless, something like her late policy has been forced upon her by the exigencies of her position. For a turbulent democracy to be planted so near her, superseding her usurped power, as well as that of the abominable Polish aristocracy (for regality it was not), would have been intolerable. Let us not altogether regret that the "patriots" of 1831 were laid low. The massacre by them, in the prisons of Warsaw, of their political antagonists, was doubtless but a foretaste of Jacobin horrors yet to come. The last revolution in Poland was really not national, or Russia could never have thus put it down. We had suspected this all along; but on several occasions lately, in England, in Germany, in Sweden, and Russia, highly respectable and intelligent Poles—anything but creatures of Russia,—in sundry conversations respecting their luckless country, have most positively assured us, that their last revolution was anything but acceptable to the trading classes, or indeed to any considerable portion of the people. The army, suddenly raised and led on by the "patriots" did indeed do marvels against superior forces; but so did our hard-headed Jacobite clans in 1745: in both instances the great bulk of the people was adverse or neuter, and hence the ultimate fate of each enterprise was the same.

Of a surety, Poland lost but little by the abolition of her *kingly* government—it was a positive nuisance on the face of the earth. If Freedom "shrieked" when Kosciuszko "fell," few—excepting our classic Bard of "Hope"—heard her. Kosciuszko did not fall; he long survived, honest man!—long enough, indeed; to witness, though too wise to join in, the latest outbreak; and as for "freedom"—if by that term is meant general liberty—as she never existed among the Polish serfs and their masters, she could not die on that soil. Scarcely—even in those times of organised anarchy called the feudal ages of civilised Europe—can we find anything to match the never-ending, still beginning, disorders of Poland during part of the last century. Its government, as most of our readers know, was really an aristocracy, and one of the worst of its kind too; the haughty and turbulent nobles were uncommonly given to "do what they liked with their own"—namely the people in general, who, excepting those in the towns, (these being very few and not populous,) were no better than slaves to their territorial lords; with no stable throne to fly to for refuge, from the "fantastic tricks" of their petty tyrants; the elective king was only a leading (or led) aristocrat—powerful occasionally for external harm, powerless always for internal good. In a legislative assembly—and such was that of Poland—where the opposition of one magnate could nullify all that was proposed by others, what possible good could come of their meetings? Many bitter things have been said and written against Maria-Theresa and Frederick II., for having joined in the first partition of Poland in 1773; it would have been a thrice-blessed arrangement for its people had Austria and Prussia been able to share the entire territory between them.

Of course, our readers know that the mass of the Russian people, both in town and country, are slaves. Their appearance, as we have said, is extremely uniform; and their dress of the rudest description—in Russia, it is every man his own tailor and shoemaker; almost universally is their garb of untanned skins, the hair retained for warmth; and nearly all—those in the imperial, civil, or military service excepted—wear (not always "unpopular") beards. Their persons—as they always sleep, bedless, in their rude dress—are disgustingly frowsy and vermin-haunted. Their owners, the *boyards* (nobles) and others, let them out on daily hire to anybody. Others, again, belong entirely to the government. Some hundreds of the last we saw employed in the imperial cotton factory, which we visited several times; and we had always occasion to observe that all the inferior workers were duly searched, every time they left the buildings, to ascertain if they had *stolen* any of the property or not! This precaution, we were told, was indispensable. Of course, a respectable body of master tradesmen can never arise among such degraded creatures as these; we consequently found the traders of St. Petersburg to be almost entirely foreign—principally Germans; of that nation there are over 20,000 there resident. The sign-boards, accordingly, are mostly inscribed in Russ and German. Of English, the number does not exceed 3,000; but their ranks contain some of the principal wholesale merchants of the place.

It must be allowed, on the other hand, although the bulk of the Russians receive not even the rudiments of an education, that the superior classes are plausibly well informed; in the showy accomplishment of languages, indeed, they are both very apt and carefully trained: they all learn three languages besides their own, as a matter of course. These are German, French, and English—the latter we heard admirably spoken. Prince Bobrowsky, the director of the railroad,—and the same may be said of many others,—though never having been out of Russia, spoke and wrote it as well as we could. We are inclined to think however, that

there, as elsewhere, lingual acquirement is obtained greatly at the expense of general knowledge. As for *political* science, practical or theoretical, it is at a sad discount. Most of the usual means and appliances thereto are wanting; and as for its daily interpreters, the newspapers, few are to be seen anywhere. An exception from the prohibition in force against English journals seemed to be made in favour of the "Morning Post;" but even from its courtly and conservative columns we were amused to find that the shears of the Russian censors found something to abate—all the numbers we saw in the coffee-rooms being sadly mutilated.

One thing we found out by our visit to St. Petersburg, that streets may be *too wide*. Some of the principal ones it is really dangerous to cross. The multitude of *droschki*s driven on all lines—straightwise, crosswise, diagonally, every way—at a fearful rate of movement, over a lateral space of 300 feet, is truly hazardous to life and limb; and all this is done, too, nearly noiselessly, from the pavements being of wood. The crashing sound of vehicles passing over a harder material has *one* advantage, at least—like the sound of the approaching rattle-snake, it puts the wayfarer on his guard. After rain, too, we found these over-wide streets in a pitiable plash; in many places the wooden clumps get under-soaked, and thus floated out of their places into unsightly and dangerous convexities. We saw one street newly laid-down with a fresh wooden pavement, and such an expanse of geometrically placed wooden blocks certainly looks well. The shape everywhere adopted is the hexagon; this admirable figure, adopted by the French in their floor-tiling, and by Heaven-taught bees in forming their cells, must be preferable to every other; although, in London, we see other shapes have been adopted in some places, forgetting the philosophical poet's maxim—"first follow nature in all your ways."

The *droschky* drivers are about as rude samples of the genus *homo* as it has ever been our fate to meet. Night and day do they ply in the streets. Putting their horses in a stable, or themselves under the shelter of a roof, never seems to be dreamed of. It is to be remembered, however, that during our stay in the northern capital the length of the day reached twenty-two hours! The charges of these men to foreigners are exorbitant, and no redress is to be had against them. Their own countrymen, when they employ them, they *cannot* cheat with impunity; for the ready cane soon brings them to become reasonable, if not reasoning, beings.

During our stay in St. Petersburg, we took up our quarters in an English hotel, or boarding-house, to which we had been recommended as one of the most comfortable and reasonable; nevertheless, our bills, exclusive of wines and extras, averaged 15s. per day. Here we found the tea excellent; the coffee (for those used to the continental beverage bearing that name) rather so-so. The tea of Russia has been overpraised—we have ourselves drunk, but not often, quite as good in England, and believe the idea of its superiority to our sea-borne article, arising from its being transmitted over-land—thus better preserving the subtle flavour—to be a mistake. The fact is, no low-priced, common tea is there imported at all. Land-carriage, *via* Tartary, is necessarily expensive, and it would not "pay" to transmit any but the very best sorts. It costs from 10s. to 15s. a pound; and quite as good tea can be had of respectable dealers in England as in Russia, if people are willing to pay that price for it. Fish is good and abundant at St. Petersburg; immense quantities are caught in the Neva, and fishermen may there be seen exercising their calling all hours of the day. Upon the whole, however, provisions, like everything else at St. Petersburg, are dear. As the Russians are all, more or less, consumers, and not producers, of manufactured wares,

the cost of everything in St. Petersburg is very high—at least we found it so, generally varying from two to three prices of London wares of the same quality. Among other costly things, must be set down—as being occasionally important to foreigners, though we can hardly say it was so to us—that the prices at the opera and theatre are quite exorbitant; considerably over a pound sterling being demanded for good places. The salary of foreign performers is necessarily high; that of natives (all *slaves* to the emperor!) either nothing at all, or entirely arbitrary. It forms part of the autocrat's policy to allure as many foreign stars, theatrical and operatic, as possible, to make his capital attractive to the numerous functionaries, military and civil, there fixed. New faces are the more sought for, as few foreigners, and least of all performers, find a lengthened residence at all supportable.

We found the interiors of the Russian churches more bald than we expected; very little of the Roman Catholic decoration, common in the larger continental edifices, is to be seen. Images, we knew, are proscribed by the canons of the Greek church; still, as the use of pictures (called, by the earlier Romanists, the "books of the people,") was permitted, and even enjoined, we expected more display. We ought to have remembered the low state of the arts in Russia. They have a remarkable way of covering the outlines of the saints, &c., in their showy but barbarous paintings, with a kind of flagree-looking metallic work, glittering like armour, and covering all parts but the visage and hands of the forms represented. These pictures, if such we can call them, are to be found everywhere, as well as in the churches. When a stranger enters a dwelling—or a shop or a counting-house—he is expected to walk up, and make his adorations to these penates, or house-idols, before he can open his mouth on matters of friendship or business. Even the English merchants, we observed, conformed to this practice in their stores. Contrary to what we have observed in some of the continental catholic churches, the auditories were composed of more men than women. In entering their devotional edifices, the veneration of the Russians for the place we observed to be altogether intense; the humble prostrations of males and females, gentle and simple alike, being so grovelling as to rise, or rather sink, to the forehead-knocking of the famous imperial *ko-tou*, which so bothered, and ultimately baffled poor Lord Amherst in China. Most of the church-ceremonies of the altars are (perhaps discreetly) carried on out of view, there being a curtain drawn across part of the space of the sanctum sanctorum. As there are no seats whatever for the convenience of the worshippers, it may be easily imagined that we, mere visitors, did not find it agreeable to stay long to witness what passed.

The priests are all married—indeed, must be so once in their lives, and once only; their beards are venerably long, and apparently well kept—an agreeable and seemly peculiarity this, in Russia. As for the generality of the humbler individuals of their flocks, combs would seem to have been invented in vain. The reigning czar is always—since the time of the first Peter, at least—the head of the Russian Greek church; for many years it used to be their pope or patriarch.

We found that the common pigeon—that almost worthless and most voracious kind of winged marauder—was held in the utmost odour of sanctity by the Russians. It is called by them the Holy Bird, from a misapprehension, common to the Greek as to the Latin church, of the passage relating to the descent of the Holy Spirit similarly to (in *manner*), but certainly not corporeally alike (in *form*) to a dove. These creatures fly and light about everywhere, perch on carriages, hop about the horses' feet, and thus, in spite of the utmost care of the drivers, often get crushed to death.

Upon the whole, the conclusion we came to, after the short experience we had of the dealings of the trading classes of the Russians; is this, that whatever amount of *superstition* there may be among them, there is barely enough of true religion in their hearts to keep their morals even tolerably sweet. Notwithstanding their daily unremitted orisons to, and consultations of, their house and church idols, we found they never made any scruple of issuing immediately therefrom, "cheating and to cheat."

ON THE IMAGERY AND DESCRIPTIVE POWERS OF POETRY.

CONCLUDED.

The following is a quotation from Keats' "Endymion." Picturing a drowned maiden, the poet says—

"Cold, oh! cold indeed,
Were her fair limbs, and, like a common weed,
The sea-swallow took her hair."

Regret and love seem mingled in the expression—"like a common weed;" regret, that the sea should destroy that form which love would for aye have cherished; and those ringlets, whose every hair was prized, to be tossed and drenched like a "common weed."

The beauty, gaiety, and innocence of children have ever furnished poets with a theme as pure as it is inexhaustible. The stanza I shall here quote is addressed to a child; an invitation to lead it (as the poem expresses it) "to dingles, where daffodils grow," and field-flowers are springing. It runs thus—

"Child of the bright hair and beautiful eyes,—
Child of the shadowless spirit, arise!
Rise—like a lily, when dew-drops are swept
By the wing of the wind from its breast where they slept;
Rise—like a rosebud that blossoms in June,
When the heart and the nightingale's song are in tune;
Rise—like a cloud that Aurora has pressed,
When it wakes with a blush on the dark mountain's breast.
Child of the bright hair and beautiful eyes,—
Child of the shadowless spirit, arise!"

The application of any of the foregoing images must be felt by every one. "Shadowless," indeed, is the spirit of an infant; and like a dew-bathed "lily," the tears from their eyes are dried up at the first gleam of the sunshine of joy. The likening of children to flowers are common metaphors, but they are no less happy ones. The infant nestling in the mother's bosom, is indeed, her heart's "rose-bud;" and are not their ideas, their faculties and virtues, like opening leaves of the same fair flowers?

There is a great deal of beauty and harmony to be seen and felt in this world of ours, however the discontented blindness of some may pass it by. The lover of nature and his fellow-man will find good in almost everything. Professor Wilson speaks of one of this temperament, who looked on the sunny side of the world, resolving to be happy; and

"Therefore every day bequeathed
New treasures to augment the unhoarded store
Of golden thoughts, and fancies squander'd free
As dew-drops by the morn, yet never mis'd
By the innocent prodigal."

"Golden thoughts," I think, does not unaptly express our sense of those ideas which at times enter the breast of the meanest, and fill us for a time with feelings of happiness and love to one another. The Great Author of Nature has granted them freely, "as dew-drops squandered by the morn;" and the philanthropist gathers them up, and hives them in his heart for the benefit of his fellow-man.

The following is an extract from Shelley's "Triumph of Life,"

in which Rousseau is supposed to describe to a dreamer a phantom which I venture to infer is an embodiment of life, or it may be of fame—for it possesses the attributes of either. The scene is laid in a beautiful valley, where Rousseau is laid sleeping; he thus relates his vision:—

"And as I look'd, the bright omnipresence
Of morning through the orient cavern flow'd;
And the sun's image, radiantly intense,

"Barn'd on the waters of the well that glow'd
Like gold, and threaded all the forest's maze
With winding paths of emerald fire: there stood

"Amid the sun, as he amid the blaze
Of his own glory, on the vibrating
Floor of the fountain, paved with flashing rays,

"A Shape all light, which with one hand did cling
Dew on the earth, as if she were the dawn;
And the invisible rain did ever sing

"A silver music on the mossy lawn;
And still before me, on the dusky grass,
Iris her many-colour'd scarf had drawn; shalading a ni elavie

"In her right hand she bore a crystal glass,
Mantling with bright nepenthe; the fierce splendour gush'd from
Fell from her as she moved under the mass'd door dash a diti

"Out of the deep cavern with palms so tender;
Their tread broke not the mirror of its billow,
She glided along the river, and did bend her

"Head under the dark boughs, till, like a willow,
Her fair hair swept the bosom of the stream
That whisper'd with delight to be its pillow

"As one enamour'd is upborne in dream
O'er lily-paven lakes, mid silver mist,
To wondrous music, so this Shape might seem

"Partly to tread the waves with feet which kiss'd
The dancing foam; partly to glide along
The air which roughen'd the moist amethyst

"On the faint morning beams, which fell among
The trees, or the soft shadows of the trees;
And her feet ever, to the ceaseless song

"Of leaves, and winds, and waves, and birds, and bees,
And falling drops, moved to a measure new
Yet sweet, as on the summer evening breeze,

"Up from the lakes a shape of golden dew—
Between two rocks, athwart the rising moon—
Dances i' the wind where never eagle flew;

"And still her feet, no less than the sweet tune
To which they moved, seem'd, as they moved, to blot
The thoughts of him who gazed on them; and soon

"All that was seem'd as if it had been not,
And all the gazer's mind was strewn beneath
Her feet like embers; and she, thought by thought,

"Trampled its sparks into the dust of death;
As Day, upon the threshold of the east,
Treads out the lamps of night, until the breath

"Of Darkness re-illumine even the least
Of heaven's living eyes—like day she came,
Making the night a dream."

The imagery in this fragment of Shelley's is not strewn sparingly, but in clusters. Almost every line contains a simile or finely-wrought poetic fancy. My limits will not allow me to point out all; but the forest glowing with "emerald fire," and the trembling surface or "floor of the fountain, paved with flashing rays," are

exquisite. Then the delicate phantom, or shape, who flung "dew on the earth as if she were the dawa," is drawn with great skill. The "invisible rain," sings to her its "silver music;" she glides along, with so gentle a tread, that she ruffles not the face of the water; and when "her fair hair swept the bosom of the stream, it murmured with delight to be its pillow." How well is the character of the Spirit kept up, even when the fountain murmurs with delight at its presence! The sun-lit wave is likened to "moist amethyst," and the stars are called "heaven's living eyes;" images no less poetical than felicitous. But I must leave the metaphysical Shelley for a while.

My next specimen will be on the imagery presented to the mind by dreams; it is from Mrs. Hemans's "Land of Dreams:—

"They are like a city of the past,
With its gorgeous halls into fragments cast,
Amidst whose ruins there glide and play
Familiar forms of the world's to-day.
"Yes, they are like the dim sea-caves—
A realm of treasures, a realm of graves;
And the shapes through their mysteries that come and go
Are of beauty and terror—of power and woe."

In our dreams, though the most gorgeous objects be presented to our sleeping ken—though we wander through scenes familiar to us—yet there is in all an indistinctness, a sort of mezzo-tinto hue upon the picture, peculiar to their character: and amidst all this, the past and the present are frequently intermingled. Our living and dead friends often appear together. The highly-gifted poetess who wrote the preceding stanzas likened dreams to a beautiful city in ruins, from the disjointed manner in which they are given to us; and the "familiar forms of the world's to-day" unquestionably defines the introduction of every-day scenes and friends with those of the past. The "dim sea-caves" is a poetical fancy, but it expresses the mistiness of dreams, amidst which how many can testify are seen forms which alternately delight and appal us!

In Byron's "Don Juan"—a work which has been justly said to be an admixture of purity and levity, beauty and ugliness—there occur passages of such surpassing sweetness, such glowing imagery, that we almost forgive the author for having wasted them on such a subject—the career of a libertine.

"Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of heaven is worthiest thee!
Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink to the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-dream stole aloft;
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest-leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer!"

How overcome with the influence of the twilight must the mind be that could give a character even to surrounding objects, like that of the last line—"the forest-leaves seemed stirred with prayer;"—the very essence of poetry and devotional feeling seem mingled in this picture of the leaves waving in the "rosy air," with the breath of holiness. But I must proceed to another quotation. A lady is sleeping—her rest is disturbed by dreams; their effect on her features is thus told:—

"And Haidée's sweet lips murmur'd like a brook,
A wordless music, and her face so fair
Stirr'd with her dreams as rose-leaves with the air."

How chaste the image of her sweet lips murmuring "like a brook!"—the gentle current of her mind was agitated in her sleep with wild fears, and how finely their influence is described! It can only be equalled by the succeeding image of her features being stirred like "rose-leaves with the air."

In that singular production of Shelley's, "Queen Mab," Death and Sleep are brought in a contrast which, if not altogether new, is highly-wrought and strange; it begins in this manner:—

"How wonderful is Death—
Death and his brother Sleep!
One pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of livid blue;
The other rosy as the morn,
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!"

I do not ask if the images of Sleep and Death strike the imagination as forcible and natural; they have only to be presented to the mind to be received as such.

But as I have already exceeded the limits which I had prescribed for myself, I will hasten to a conclusion. My last quotation is from a short poem addressed to a child. I give it from memory:

"Thy memory as a spell
Of love comes o'er my mind,
Like dew upon the flowery dell,
Like perfume on the wind;
Like moonlight on the sea,
Like music on the river;
A joy thou o'er hast been to me,
A joy thou'll be for ever.
"I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call;
Like echo of the mountain-streams
Or sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossom'd in the eyes of men
Like any flower in spring."

Leigh Hunt has written, among other very beautiful essays, a pleasing paper "On the Deaths of Little Children," in which he endeavours to reconcile us to their loss in a strain of persuasive and affectionate philosophy. He shows that the pleasure with which we think of their past endearments and innocent manners, after the first bursts of sorrow are over, is a source of lasting feeling, that partakes alike of joy and grief, exceedingly soothing to the mind of the bereaved; a fact which every-day experience will verify. I remember hearing of a father who lost his only child, a daughter. He bore the loss with meekness, if not with cheerfulness; and when asked how he felt the bereavement of his only child, replied, "I have lost my child, but her memory will only depart with my life; and that solace will cheer me to my dying hour." The preceding fragment, I think, does not unaptly portray the feelings of such a father. Its memory would, indeed, be "a spell of love" to its parent. The images of "dew," "perfume," "moonlight," and "music," are all natural similes, for they are as guileless as childhood itself, and therefore more appropriate for the subject. The "voice in dreams," calling in accents sportive as the waterfall, is a happy link in a chain of correct and smooth-flowing imagery.

DESTRUCTION OF LIFE IN ANCIENT WARS.

ACCUSTOMED as we are to the effects of war in civilised times, when the most bloody contests are followed by an increase in the numbers of the people, it is difficult to form a conception of the desolation which it produces in barbarous ages, when the void produced by the sword is not supplied by the impulse of subsequent tranquillity. A few facts will show its prodigious influence in former ages. It is ascertained by an exact computation, that when the three great capitals of Khorassan were destroyed by Timour, 4,347,000 persons were put to the sword. At the same time, 700,000 people were slain in the city of Mōnsul, which had risen in the neighbourhood of the ancient Nineveh; and the

desolation produced a century and a half before, by the sack of Genghis Khan, had been at least as great. Such were the ravages of this mighty conqueror, and his Mogul followers, in the country between the Caspian and the Indus, that they almost exterminated the inhabitants; and five subsequent centuries have been unable to repair the ravages of four years. An army of 500,000 Moguls, under the sons of Genghis, so completely laid waste the provinces to the north of the Danube, that they have never since regained their former numbers; and in the famine consequent upon the irruption of the same barbarians into the Chinese empire, thirteen millions are computed to have perished. During the great invasion of Timour, twelve of the most flourishing cities of Asia, including Delhi, Ispahan, Bagdad, and Damascus, were utterly destroyed; and pyramids of human heads, one of which contained 90,000 skulls, erected on their ruins.—*Alison on Population.*

THE SOUL IN PURGATORY; OR, LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

THE angels strung their harps in heaven, and their music went up like a stream of odours to the pavilions of the Most High; but the harp of Seralim was sweeter than that of his fellows, and the voice of the Invisible One (for the angels themselves know not the glories of Jehovah—only far in the depths of heaven they see one Unsleeping Eye watching for ever over creation) was heard, saying, "Ask a gift for the love that burns upon thy song, and it shall be given thee."

And Seralim answered, "There are in that place which men call Purgatory, which is the escape from Hell, but the painful porch of Heaven, many souls that adore Thee, and yet are punished justly for their sins; grant me the boon to visit them at times, and solace their suffering by the hymns of the harp that is consecrated to Thee!"

And the voice answered, "Thy prayer is heard, O, gentlest of the angels! and it seems good to him who chastises but from love. Go! Thou hast thy will."

Then the angel sang the praises of God; and when the song was done, he rose from his azure throne at the right hand of Gabriel, and spreading his rainbow wings, flew to that melancholy orb, which, nearest to earth, echoes with the shriek of souls that by torture became pure. There the unhappy ones see from afar the bright courts they are hereafter to obtain, and the shapes of glorious beings who, fresh from the fountains of immortality, walk amidst the gardens of Paradise, and feel that their happiness hath no morrow: and this thought consoles amidst their torments, and makes the true difference between purgatory and hell.

Then the angel folded his wings, and entering the crystal gates, sat down upon a blasted rock, and struck his divine lyre, and a peace fell over the wretched; the demons ceased to torture, and the victims to wail. As sleep to the mourners of the earth was the song of the angel to the souls of the purifying star: only one voice amidst the general stillness seemed not lulled by the angel; it was the voice of a woman, and it continued to cry out with a sharp cry,

"Oh, Adenheim, Adenheim, mourn not for the lost!"

The angel struck chord after chord, till his most skilful melodies were exhausted; but still the solitary voice, unheeding, unconscious even of the sweetest harp of the angel-choir, cried out,

"Oh, Adenheim, Adenheim, mourn not for the lost!"

Then Seralim's interest was aroused, and approaching the spot whence the voice came, he saw the spirit of a young and beautiful girl chained to a rock, and the demons lying idly by. And Seralim said to the demons, "Doth the song lull ye thus to rest?"

"And they answered, "Her care for another is bitterer than all our torments; therefore are we idle."

Then the angel approached the spirit, and said in a voice which stilled her cry—for in what state do we outlive sympathy?

"Wherefore, O daughter of earth, wherefore waldest thou with the same plaintive wail? and why doth the harp that soothes the most guilty of thy companions fail in its melody with thee?"

"Oh, radiant stranger," answered the poor spirit, "thou speakest to one who on earth loved God's creature more than God; therefore is she justly sentenced. But I know that my poor Adenheim mourns ceaselessly for me, and the thought of his sorrow is more intolerable to me than all that the demons can inflict."

"And how knowest thou that he laments thee?" asked the angel.

"Because I know with what agony I should have mourned for him," replied the spirit, simply.

The divine nature of the angel was touched; for love is the nature of the sons of Heaven. "And how," said he, "can I minister to thy sorrow?"

A transport seemed to agitate the spirit, and she lifted up her mist-like and impalpable arms, and cried, "Give me, O give me to return to earth, but for one little hour, that I may visit my Adenheim; and that, concealing from him my present sufferings, I may comfort him in his own."

"Alas!" said the angel, turning away his eyes—for angels may not weep in the sight of others, "I could, indeed, grant thee this boon, but thou knowest not the penalty; for the souls in purgatory may return to earth, but heavy is the sentence that awaits their return. In a word, for one hour on earth thou must add a thousand years to the tortures of thy confinement here!"

"Is that all?" cried the spirit; "willingly, then, will I brave the doom. Ah! surely they love not in heaven, or thou wouldst know, O celestial visitant! that one hour of consolation to the one we love is worth a thousand thousand ages of torture to ourselves! Let me comfort and convince my Adenheim—no matter what becomes of me."

Then the angel looked on high, and he saw in far-distant regions, which in that orb none else could discern, the rays that parted from the all-guarding Eye; and heard the voice of the Eternal One, bidding him act as his pity whispered. He looked on the spirit, and her shadowy arms stretched pleadingly towards him: he uttered the word that looses the bars of the gate of purgatory, and lo! the spirit had re-entered the human world.

It was night in the halls of the lord of Adenheim, and he sat at the head of his glittering board; loud and long was the laugh and the merry jest that echoed round, and the laugh and the jest of the lord of Adenheim were louder and merrier than all; and by his right side sat a beautiful lady, and ever and anon he turned from others to whisper soft vows in her ear.

"And, oh," said the bright dame of Falkenberg, "thy words what lady can believe? Didst thou not utter the same oaths, and promise the same love to Ida, the fair daughter of Laden; and now but three little months have closed upon her grave?"

"By my halidom," quoth the young lord of Adenheim, "thou dost thy beauty marvellous injustice. Ida!—nay, thou mockest me!—I love the daughter of Laden!—Why, how then should I be worthy thee? A few gay words, a few passing smiles,—behold all the love Adenheim ever bore to Ida. Was it my fault if the poor fool misconstrued such common courtesy? Nay, dearest lady, this heart is virgin to thee."

"And what!" said the lady of Falkenberg, as she suffered the

arm of Adenheim to encircle her slender waist, "didst thou not grieve for her loss?"

"Why, verily, yes, for the first week; but in thy bright eyes I found ready consolation."

At this moment the lord of Adenheim thought he heard a deep sigh behind him; he turned, but saw nothing, save a slight mist that gradually faded away, and vanished in the distance. Where was the necessity for Ida to reveal herself?

"And thou didst not, then, do thine errand to thy lover?" said Seralim, as the spirit of the wronged Ida returned to purgatory.

"Bid the demons recommence their torture," was poor Ida's answer.

"And was it for this that thou hast added a thousand years to thy doom?"

"Alas!" answered Ida, "after the single hour I have endured on earth, there seems to me but little terrible in a thousand fresh years of purgatory!"—E. L. BULWER.

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS.

Rapt in the roaring of harmonious floods,
Inhaling wisdom from the vernal woods,
Watching the playful ever-varying grace
Of nature's ancient but renewing face,
I feel the flowery stream of sacred song
Hurry my soul with pleasing force along;
But, ah! while yearning for a brighter sphere,
The common sounds of earth salute my ear:
'Tis a child's voice!—that cruel widow Jenkin
Wallops away at her sweet babe like winking!

Base dweller on the mountain's base is she;
A widow mother—blest with children three:
The eldest is a chubby, bright-eyed boy;
The next a girl, whose every look is joy;
The third is this same child now crying "Murder!"
And oft enough, I grieve to say, I've heard her,
What time the slanting ray of evening falls,
And homeward-wendens chant their madrigals—
In that soft hour I've seen this widow Jenkin
Wallop away at this sweet babe like winking!

What can she mean?—Myself, I am a mother,
Aware no family is free from bother;
The birch I sometimes use—for, really, flogging
Keeps children in their path of duty jogging:
But never have I, in domestic schools,
Approved of Bessy Brownrigg's ruthless rules;
For though the rod with wholesome touch may tickle
The child whose favourite sport is "little pickle,"
That's no excuse for cruel widow Jenkin
Wallopping away at her sweet babe like winking!

Farewell! farewell! the healthful hills and vales
Of thy most ancient territory, Wales!
Farewell the mountain and the lonely glen,
Far from the humbug and the hum of men!
Farewell the murmuring rill and rustling stream,
And all that constitute a poet's dream!
All, all, farewell! my soul is overpower'd—
Life's daily cup of butter-milk is sour'd—
Because alas! the cruel widow Jenkin
Wallops away at her sweet babe like winking!

Fraser's Magazine.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground
May Domestic Peace be found?
Halegon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of sceptred state,
From the rebel's noisy hate;
In a cottaged vale she dwells,
List'ning to the sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien;
Love, the sire of pleasing fears;
Sorrow, smiling through her tears;
And, conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy!

COLERIDGE.

PUBLIC HEALTH AND MORTALITY.

Paradoxical as it may appear, it is certain that a man's health, nay life, is nearly as much in the keeping of those of whom he knows nothing as in his own. Of the three influences mainly acting on it—himself, society, and external nature—the first bears on it most intensely, the second most covertly, the last most constantly. Moral culture may teach the individual so to curb his passions and appetites, as to develop all the forces of his organisation in their most healthful scope; or its neglect may set them loose as the deadliest instruments of self-destruction.

The social system acts upon us not only through its fashions and customs, but by the power of government; and an ill-considered impost, indirectly affecting the food, the habitation, or the clothing of the community, shall send more to their graves than ever fell by sword or spear.

Climate is always so ameliorated by civilisation, that we may safely say that it forms no exception to the general fact, that all the sources enumerated as influencing life are greatly modifiable; so that, although we may not believe, with M. Quetelet, in the perfectibility of our race, we may yet be sure that all its numerous ills may be immeasurably lessened. Nothing is truer than that the mortality of a kingdom is the best gauge of its happiness and prosperity. Show us a community wallowing in vice, whether from the pamperings of luxury or the recklessness of poverty, and we will show you that there truly the wages of sin are death. Point out the government legislating only for a financial return, regardless or ignorant of the indirect effects of their enactments, and we shall see that the pieces of silver have been the price of blood.

—*Quarterly Review.*

A PREDICAMENT.

Cromwell's youngest daughter—married to Robert Rich, and again, on his decease, to Sir John Russell,—a lively young lady, is said to have brought one of the least dignified of her numerous suitors into the following predicament:

"But the most notable suitor of Frances Cromwell was Jerry White, the protector's facetious chaplain. There is some doubt whether the joyous lady were merely amusing herself with the amorous protestations of the reverend parian, or whether she was actually infected by him with the tender passion. That Cromwell entertained some anxious doubts on the subject, is evident from his causing them to be carefully watched by one of his own spies. The person thus employed one day hurried into the protector's presence, with the information that the Lady Frances and his spiritual adviser were together in the private apartment of the lady. Cromwell hastened to the spot, and, unluckily for the parties, discovered Jerry on his knees kissing his daughter's hand. Demanding angrily the meaning of such a posture, 'May it please your highness,' said Jerry, with admirable presence of mind, 'I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was, therefore, humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me.' The protector turned to the waiting-maid, and demanded the reason of her obduracy. As she was far from being displeased with the opening prospect of improving her condition, she answered, with a courtesy, that if Mr. White intended the honour, she had no wish to oppose him. Cromwell, in his prompt way, instantly sent for a clergyman, and as it was too late for Jerry to recede, they were actually married on the spot! The protector sweetened the dose to his chaplain by presenting the bride with a dowry of 500*l.* Oldmixon, who was acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. White, heard the anecdote related in the presence of them both. The lady, he says, frankly admitted that there was something in it.

"The familiar name of Jerry, and his ministry at the fanatical court, may perhaps lead the reader to form a contemptible opinion of the hero of this amusing tale. Jerry White, however, was in person extremely handsome, and he had nothing of the puritan in his manners, though he probably affected it in the pulpit."—*Jesse's Memoirs of the Court of England.*

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